

THE CHRONICLE

VOL. III. NO. 14.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1910.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

Hats With a Pedigree. Hats With a Guarantee.

The Thoroughbred Hat

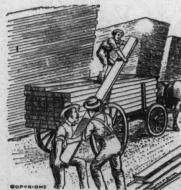
SEE DAVE

He Makes Clothes

D. G. HARVIE

CROSSFIELD
LUMBER YARD

Loading
Up
For the Coming
Demand



should be the aim of every builder as to run
short of

LUMBER

just when it is wanted is always annoying. We have on the road six cars and when they arrive we will have the finest stock, in the yard, on the line and it will pay you to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

GEO. BECKER, PROPRIETOR.

McKAY BROS

Central for Government 'Phone.

Central for Farmers' Independent 'Phone.

Central for Mandt and Hamilton Wagons and all kinds of Farm Machinery, Gasoline Engines, Wind Mills, Well Casing, Pumps, Galvanized Iron Piping, Burton Water Systems, Hot Air and Hot Water Furnaces, Baths, Sinks, etc.

Our goods are UP-TO-DATE in every respect having every latest improvement. Our Motto is, and will be **Second to None.** Call us up, Look us up, or Write us up and you will receive

PROMPT ATTENTION

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS

At Prices to Defy Competition at
McDonald & McNaughton's Mills

WE HAVE

Shiplap, Flooring, Window and Door Jambs, Ceiling, Drop-siding, Dimension and Rough Lumber

POST OFFICE ADDRESS—CREMONA

Mills 25 miles West of Crossfield on road across Little Red Deer. Accommodation for man and beast.

Provincial Library

FAREWELL DANCE

A farewell dance was given on Monday night by certain of the townsmen in honor of Miss Anderson and Mr. C. Anderson who leave town to-day. About forty-five persons were present at the dance and an excellent repast was served by Mr. Stevens. Mr. Anderson came to this part from Great Falls, Montana, purchasing Sec. 35 Tp. 28, Rge. 29, west of the Fourth meridian from H. Bulmer for \$12 per acre and recently he sold out to Mr. A. H. Hall who hails from the State of Maine, for \$37 per acre, it being a cash deal. The farm was one and a half miles from town and was well improved, the buildings being among the finest in the country. Mr. and Miss Anderson go from here to St. Paul and intend a little later to visit the land of their birth, both of their parents being alive and residing at Stockholm. While in this part of the world they have formed many friendships and their departure from our midst will leave a gap in the social circle which will indeed be hard to fill. Mr. Anderson also recently invested in some property at Gleichen which after holding for about a week he turned over to his considerable financial advantage. It is the intention of Mr. Anderson to again invest in land here as he is greatly enthused with the country and most optimis-

GOLDENROD

Mr. Hudd is out again.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Fletcher a son.

Th Misses Clapperton have lately arrived from the coast.

A meeting of the Goldenrod Literary Society will be held in the school-house on March 30th. The meeting is called for 8 o'clock sharp.

A basket social was held in the school-house on Wednesday evening March 16th, in aid of the church. The following programme was rendered:—

Solo, "In the Valley" Mr. Bradshaw; Recitation, Willie Patulla; Solo, "Anchored" Mr. Menzies; Solo, "Scotland Yet" Miss Patulla; Dialogue, "The Photographer" characters Miss L. Pole, Miss E. Onderkirk; Mr. Campbell, Mr. Waters; Solo, "Asleep in the Deep" Mr. McClelland; Recitation, "Sweet Girl Graduate" Mrs. Brink; Solo, "Love's Old Sweet Song" Mr. Clapperton;

The programme was followed by the sale of the baskets. Mr. Bradshaw acted as auctioneer.

tic regarding its future. We are loth to see Mr. and Miss Anderson depart and we add our wishes for an enjoyable holiday and a happy and prosperous future to those of their many friends.

Grand Entertainment

In the Oddfellows' Hall, Crossfield, at 8 p.m., on

Easter Monday, March 28

Under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church

Songs, Monologues, Recitations, Dialogues, Good
Music by the Local Talent

BOX SOCIAL AND BACHELORS' BOX

Everyone Welcome

Every Gentleman brings his Lady and every Lady
her Basket

Admission 25c

Reserved Seats at 50c on Sale at Canadian Bank of
Commerce or at the Drug Store



ONTKES & ARMSTRONG.

The Persian Campaign

From the Narrative of Mr. J. Ellington,
Late 64th Regiment

I WAS a Queen's soldier just before the Mutiny, and was being paid a farthing a day by the Crown. That gave the Crown a first claim on me. The rest of my daily pay, I shilling less than that, came from a friend, old John Company. The money was not much, and most of it was never seen by the rebels. They had so many deductions, but in the East he sometimes had chances of making a bit in the way of loot, and he mostly took it.

With ten thousand men, horse and foot, I left India in November, 1856, for Persia, which was said to be a land flowing with milk and honey. We came across a sample of the milk; but never set eyes on nor tasted the product of the bees. But to make up for that loss, the rebels were to be beaten, and literally be shovelled up, and insects of a worse sort were almost as abundant.

India, during the hot weather, had been bad enough.

For six months the Persians had been at war with the natives and fighting in that wonderful country, which, in spite of all its drawbacks, was something of a fairland, and which had not been so far from the British, or had not been taught, for only a soldier here and there could read or write in those far-off days. They talked "fire" and "bullet," and the old school of warrior, whose motto was: "Follow me!" and the officers were all in trim, as well as the soldiers, and the rank and file.

I have a vivid recollection of the storming of Reshile, not so much because of the gallantry of the British, but owing to the impression which was made upon my mind by the fate and courage of the brigadier. It is fifty years since I have seen him, but clearly as I saw him then, in front of the old fort of Reshile, pointing with his drawn sword to the bastions and shouting: "Charge! Charge! Come on! Don't put them out! They'll put you out! Now, then—follow me! And no nonsense!" He waved his sword again, and the battle-cry was followed when a wild cheer was given.

Queen's men and Company's cavalry, dragoon and infantry, amongst them the Eagle, or Flying Troop of the horse-guns, so-called because they tore and dashed through an immense fleet of transports from Bombay, convoyed by eleven "fighters," the troops were all the battle-cry. The British had more than a hundred transports; but my own recollections of it are associated with strong gales, soaking rains, and the burning sun.

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Through the Persian Gulf we reached the Euphrates, most majestic and historic of Western Asian waters, the stately stream on which had been the Persian Empire, and the cradle of the Persian Empire, is supposed to be the home of the Persians. The first thing I remember of Persia was ever the ruins of a wonderful ancient city, the capital of the long submerged. It was a city of the dead in a hollow, and we went over it in the ships' boats. Even then long years ago, after the destruction of the capital, the place was pretty much as the inhabitants had left it, and carts were still drawn up to the doors of the houses, and for a long time the Persians had gathered them, to drive away. Then we marched through the famous old city of Mysat, but did not stop there, for we had to go on to the next, and so on, to the last, the Persian Gulf, and it was in the last place we saw our last cart from both land and sea. Our Commander-in-Chief was General Sir James Outram, and the fleet was under Sir H. L. Leeke. There was another who was to achieve immortal fame, Havellock.

We were a splendidly organized army—there is no question about that, and the men were well fed, too, but soldiers and sailors were primitive in their equipment compared with the troops and seamen of today. There was a mass of war-articles in Persia, swathed in the old-time uniform, and saddled with the heavy musket, the breech-loaded Brown Bess, which had never been used, and hit anything smaller than a haystack at a distance of more than about eighty yards; a hundred and eight yards, and an hundred and three days' rations. That was our marching kit for a country where you broiled by day and froze by night, and where the water was so bad that you were always seemed to attack you in the wrong place.

The Persians had a wonderful knack of finding you at unexpected times, and in the dark. So for the ships, they were freaks, some of them—but very good freaks. I remember two of them which had a hundred and forty-pounder good old-fashioned muzzle-loaders. The "fighters" had no bulwarks, and had perfectly flush decks, so that it was the first thing you had to run over the side into the water. If you went into the sea or the river, well, so much the worse for you. Your feet were made to stick to the ground, and you stuck to the ground, of course, you were hauled back on board if they could get you. If they couldn't, well, again, you were hauled back on board, and the "fighters" were a good deal cheaper than they are now.

People nowadays, when guns are so tremendously powerful, are disposed to laugh at such a notion. But the old flushed freaks, when they started operations, knocked the Persian fort out of tune, and in the end, the Persians were free to do the storming. The place to be tackled was Reshile, and that was really the opening of the Persian War.

It was a few days after Christmas, when we had finished our work, and we were under cover of the guns, in boats which were laden to the very edge of the water, gave way and the boat sank. I was in the water for the first time, and a strange, weird crowd they looked. They wore extraordinary hats, with out brims, just like a stonewall, and pointed toes, and a mass of quizzed hair—camo's hair, I fancy. It was more like a door-mat than anything else, and was the hardest thing I ever came across. The water was through. Sticks were almost powerless against that peculiar protection. It seemed a farce to be fighting men who were chimney-pot hats

and door-mats; but the thing became no laughing matter. I am sure that if the Persians had been well organized, and had been kept up to it, not many of the then thousand men in Persia would have got out of the country.

"Give way!" was the order when the Persians came, and the seamen crowded all for they were worth to get us ashore. The beach was reached, and the redoubt tumbled out in a heap, while the guns, board, as well as the horses. The horses, poor things, were the worst off of all, because they were so terrified but were not so bad as the men. The material, well, with ropes and willing hands it was soon put to right and in fighting trim.

What was to be done, and there was not an officer or man amongst us, from the brigadier downward, who was not thinking to the best of all the enemy. The brigadier, however, was not to be outdone by the men. He was one of the old school of warrior, whose motto was: "Follow me!" and the officers were all in trim, as well as the soldiers, and the rank and file.

I have a vivid recollection of the storming of Reshile, not so much because of the gallantry of the British, but owing to the impression which was made upon my mind by the fate and courage of the brigadier. It is fifty years since I have seen him, but clearly as I saw him then, in front of the old fort of Reshile, pointing with his drawn sword to the bastions and shouting: "Charge! Charge! Come on! Don't put them out! They'll put you out! Now, then—follow me! And no nonsense!" He waved his sword again, and the battle-cry was followed when a wild cheer was given.

What did we do with the ditch? Rather than it, of course. There was no other way of crossing the gap. Then we got to our feet again, and swept up the steep face which protected the fort.

There was a confused and furious scrum, a medley in which officers and men were jumbled together, and British and Persian were mixed hopelessly. You could have any perfectly clear conception of a storming as this; yet I remember so well seeing the brigadier putting his left arm across his face and crying: "Oh! Heaven!"

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The brigadier had died as he had lived his life, a man a gentleman, bold and勇敢, and by his side. I am certain that his death was thoroughly avenged, and that his fall was the cause, to a large extent, of the defeat of the Persians at Reshile.

Then we started for Koosab, and the Persians had rested where he fell, and British and Persian were mixed hopelessly.

How many of those who fought on the banks of the Euphrates survived?

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The brigadier had died as he had lived his life, a man a gentleman, bold and勇敢, and by his side. I am certain that his death was thoroughly avenged, and that his fall was the cause, to a large extent, of the defeat of the Persians at Reshile.

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Lodge Cards

M. W. OF A.

SUNALTA CAMP NO. 13863
Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Crossfield,
the Second Thursday and Fourth Saturday
of each month.

Visiting neighbors welcome.

GEO. O. DAVIS,
V. C. Clerk and Secretary.

CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 42

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the
Oddfellows Hall at 7:30 p.m.

Visiting Brethren Welcome.

James Dryburgh, Rec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 106.
Meets Tuesday on or before the Full Moon.
Visiting brethren always welcome.

GEO. W. BOYCE, A. Wheeler, Secy.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157
Meets the first Saturday and third Monday in the month. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.

D. ONTKE, JAMES MEWHORF, C. R. Sec.

Professional Cards

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC

Carstairs, Alberta

Will be at Crossfield every Thursday.

DR. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,

Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield;
Every Thursday.

AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE

Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED
We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers, Architects, Contractors, etc., by having their Patents business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Address: C. W. Moore, 106, 11th Street, Montreal; and Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

AUCTIONEER

If you want a first-class Sale call on H. A. Weirtz, who resides on the J. B. McLaren farm, 1½ miles S.E. of Crossfield, the Auctioneer. Full blooded cattle sales, a specialty. Call on Dick Ontke for terms.

H. A. WEIRTZ,
Crossfield, Alta.

JOE. DEWSBURY

Shoe Repairer

BOOTS AND SHOES NEATLY
AND PROMPTLY REPAIRED

Closed on Mondays.

Next Door to Chronicle Office, Crossfield.

THE ARCADE

Pool Room and Cigar Store

Come in and spend a pleasant hour and try our Cigars and Soft Drinks. Latest Magazines always kept in stock.

H. Mann Prop.

The Crossfield Chronicle

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. \$1.00 per year in advance; or \$1.50 if not paid in advance.

PUBLISHED at the Chronicle office, at Crossfield, Alberta, each Friday.

RATES

Business—Strayed, Found, Wanted and other transient advertisements of a similar nature one cent a word, six insertions for the price of four. Payable in advance.

Business—Local 10 cents per line first insertion; and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Legal advertisements, 12 cents per line for first insertion; and 8 cents each subsequent insertion.

Commercial contracts rates upon application.

E. M. SEAGER,
Editor.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1910.

Editorial

As there may be among our subscribers some one time members of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto we publish the following: Several

thousands of former members of the Queen's Own Rifles will assemble from all parts of the continent

at Toronto next June, for a reunion in celebration of the Semi-Centennial of the regiment. The festivities will commence Saturday, June 18th, with a reception at Government House, His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, like many other notables, being an ex-member of the crack regiment. On Sunday a monster Parish Parade of ex-members and the present members will be a unique affair. During the week, grand historical pageants on a scale only equalled at the Quebec Tercentenary, will be given by several thousand performers on the Rosedale Athletic Ground. In addition, there will be numerous social meeting of old comrades. In nearly every town and city in the Dominion, and in many in the United States and elsewhere, are men who have served in the Queen's Own, and the Semi-Centennial Committee is desirable of getting members in personal touch with as many of them as possible. To that end, it will greatly facilitate matters if the ex-members who see this will at once communicate with the permanent secretary, Mr. G. I. Riddell 36 King Street East, Toronto, and prevail upon all the other ex-members they know to do the same. Mr. Riddell will promptly send them particulars.

It was not many moons since when the outlook for a system of fire protection for Crossfield was rosy. The council appeared energetic, the people anxious and agents

for various makes of engines blew into town every day or so. The situation now is just about where it was before the agitation commenced.

The people say "We attended meetings and meetings. No tangible results came forth and we grew weary.

The council say "We want the people to say what they want."

The people have clearly indicated their desire for a system of fire protection.

The manner in which the petition was signed left no doubt.

We suggested recently that another petition

to ascertain the people's standing as regard water or electrical protection be circulated.

Nothing has been done, no steps being taken and it would seem that the promoters

have faded into a Rip Van Winkle slumber.

A little energy, a little individual effort is all that is needed to make matters move, to arrive at a definite end.

The Spanish saying "To-morrow" should have no place in the life of Western Canada.

Now is the time to get busy.

Editorial Notes

Premier Asquith is in favor of Protection—from the suffragettes.

The scandalous report that winter is lingering in the lap of spring is not true.

A book called "The Great Gay Road" has just been published. It does not refer to the C.P.R.

A man blacked the eyes of a political opponent recently. That is one way of altering his views.

The great ocean liners are to have theatres on board. In this manner a poor play may enjoy a long run.

Poultry farming, we are told, can be made to pay most handsomely. At any rate the investor gets a run for his money.

"Curate as Fireman" read a heading in a recent exchange. It's the duty of the clergy to save from fire anyway.

The latest fashion is named "The Elusive Waist." The local boys will be disappointed as they say even the old fashioned ones need a lot of holding.

A gentleman remarked to us that the hook worm seems to have crept into our fire department scheme. The question now arises "Will the boys of the hook and ladder brigade be the most seriously affected?"

The Calgary Albertan in a heading said "Some persons threw away the sites to the big guns and the entire crew perished." Of course

it was not many moons since when the outlook for a system of fire protection for Crossfield was rosy. The council appeared energetic, the people anxious and agents

for various makes of engines blew into town every day or so. The situation now is just about where it was before the agitation commenced.

It sometimes appears to us that the editor is the only man in town who does not know how to run a newspaper. We are frequently criticised for our actions. John Jones objects because we told that he went on a visit to Calgary; Sam Smith kicks because we did not tell that he visited Edmonton or put a new board on his back fence.

General Butinsky, who by the way, never assisted to the upkeep of a local paper, not even to the extent of a year's subscription, jumps on us periodically for something that does not appear in our columns.

He has never made a success of anything (except perhaps booze fighting), but still he knows all about how to run a paper. Verbi, satis-

which is to say, let 'em all come.

Why Dinh West. Not long ago Lieutenant in the navy was ordered away on a three years' cruise. The order had been dredged for weeks, and when it came, the young wife, who was to be left in a Brooklyn flat with a baby and a colored maid, was in deep despair.

She contrived to have a very well-

however, in the actual moment of parting came, and then she wept as though her heart would break.

The order was to leave the navy yard early in the morning, and the Lieutenant had gone to report for duty.

In the midst of her lamentations the young wife heard a sniffing and sobbing in the dining room, and upon glancing through the door she saw Dinh, the colored maid, rocking her body and fro in a chair and weeping violently.

"Why, D-D-Dinh, what's the matter?" cried the mistress. "You seem to take Mr. Blank's departure as though it were the end of the world."

"D-D-Dinh, I don't, Mr. Blank 'deed I doesn't," sobbed Dinh. "What an 'booberin' dis chile am de fac' dat a culid gemman friend o' mine am gwine sell hisse' on dat same ole cruiseah!"—New York Herald.

Crossfield School District No. 752

Annual Reunion. Management of the above School Board will be held at the School House at 10 a. m. on the first Saturday in the following months: January, March, May, July, September and November.

All matters of business pertaining to this district will be attended to at this meeting.

The office of the Sec.-Treas. is in the Store of D. G. Harvie.

J. A. MacDougall, Chairman.

G. W. Boyce, Sec.-Treas.

For Quick Sale of Real Estate
IN THE

Acme District

List Your Property With
McLain & May,

ACME, ALTA.

TAPSCOTT, P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.

Insurance placed in Best Companies.

We have some fine farm lands for sale and invite prospective purchasers to give us a call.

ACME REALTY CO.

Land Wanted to List
InsuranceMoney to Loan
At Lowest Rates

Experienced Auctioneer Always on Hand
Commissioner for Affidavits

W. Bannerman, Mgr.
Acme, Alta.The
CROSSFIELD MEAT MARKET

Wholesale and Retail Butchers

WE

Pay Cash for BUTTER,
EGGS, POULTRY and
HIDES. We buy HOGS
live or dressed.

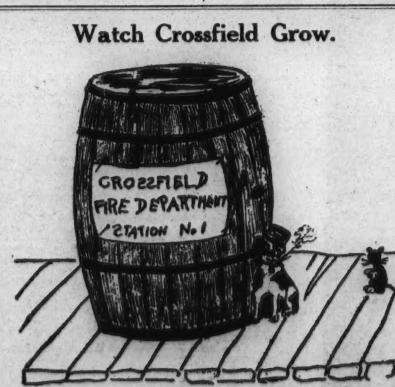
WE

Sell SMOKED MEATS,
FRESH MEATS, FRESH
FISH, SMOKED FISH.

The

CROSSFIELD MEAT MARKET

L. G. FISHER, Proprietor



The above is the architect's plan of the new Crossfield Fire Hall. The architect, Mr. Wallaceburg, from Hayes Co., Ont., is now we understand getting out plans for the Beddington University.

Transient Advertisements

Wanted

Party to break 50 to 100 acres this spring, 1 mile south of Acme. Apply to 12-3t-x William C. Otto, Acme.

At the office of publication of this periodical the following:-advertisements, subscriptions, job work and news items.

You will do well to see D. K. Bife before you sell hogs to anyone else. Lives on 4, tp. 29 r. 2 west of 5th of Crossfield, P.O. 14148t-x

For Sale

Percheron Mare and Stallion, 1400 to 1700, registered in foal, all brood, well bred. 8 miles east of Crossfield. 13-9t-x John Patterson

Breeding Bred Collie Pups. Five dollars each. Apply to John Morrison, 236 miles west and 1 mile south of Crossfield. Also well bred Plymouth Rock Cockrels. Seventy-five cents each. 90t-x

Choice Brown Leghorn eggs for hatching, \$1.25 per 15. J. A. Sackett. 12-4t-x

Four good ox teams at \$1.50 a team with harness. W. J. Thomas, N. E. quarter, Sec. 12, Tp. 29, Rge. 26. 122t-x

Brands

Why let your letters go astray when printed stationary costs but little more than postage. Bring your copy to us. One hundred envelopes printed at this office with space left for number of days and name of sender for fifty cents. This offer for farmers only.

James Robertson, Crossfield. Cattle branded on left ribs. Aug. 14

All cattle branded on right ribs and also any marked on left ribs belonging to Jas. Fowler, Crossfield, Alta. 5-28t-x

Strayed

Strayed a chance to make money from my hands last week. I did not use the Crossfield column. Finder, please return to Merchant Mossback, Nobusness Corners.

Lost

An opportunity to make money if you do not advertise in our columns.

Will the party who took my wagon rack and some articles out of my shack return the same and other articles? 14-2t-x Alex Gilchrist, Crossfield, Alta.

Three roller bearings on the road to Acme by the editor of the Acme News while freighting his plant to that point. A reward of 25¢ each will be paid finder.

Found

A paying advertising medium in The Crossfield Chronicle. Through its columns you can sell your goods, find stray cattle and you have no worry.

Council Meetings

The council of the Village of Crossfield will meet in the hall known as the Bishop Hall on the first Tuesday of each alternate month, commencing with February at 7 p.m.

By Order of the Village Council
5-52t-x P. L. McAnally, Chairman.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel... \$1.75
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus... 82c.
Wheat, No. 2, per... 78c.
Wheat, No. 3, per... 76c.
Wheat, No. 4, per... 73c.
Wheat, No. 5, per... 68c.
Flax, per... 150c.
Oats, per... 24c.
Barley, per... 34c.
Eggs, per... 30c.
Butter, per lb. 25c.
Hogs, live weight \$7.00
Hogs, dressed \$0.00
Cattle, live weight lb. 25c to 3c.
Cows, live weight " 2 to 3

Want "Ads" Pay.

AROUND THE TOWN

Mr. J. Martin was in Calgary on Tuesday.

Mr. W. Brandon was in Calgary on Tuesday.

Moses Tims and Atkins were in Calgary this week.

Mr. W. D. Odolen, of Clinton, Ont., arrived in town on Saturday.

Mr. W. B. Edwards was a visitor in Calgary on Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Rosenberger, of Airdrie, spent a few days with Mrs. Stauffer last week.

We have a car load of Grey buggies. The buggies. Seuss. Parker & Timmins

Mrs. Mock, of Calgary, is spending a few days with her daughter Mrs. Smith at the parsonage.

List your land-with Jack if you really want to effect a sale. J. S. Martin Crossfield.

Rev. J. H. Johnston, of Airdrie, will take the service in connection with the Crossfield Circuit next Sunday.

Mr. D. G. Harvie is building a house on Summit Hill the work of construction being in the hands of Mr. J. Calhoun.

Mr. H. Becker and daughter who have been away on a visit to her old home in the States, returned to town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Johnston arrived in town on Monday from the coast. They are moving out across the Red Deer.

Call around and see the fine assortment of Barrie buggies just received. Something new on the auto seat style. Partridge & Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hall who purchased the farm owned by Mr. C. Anderson, arrived in town from the state of Maine on Friday last.

—Money to loan on improved farms, no commission, no delay, you get the money in a few days. See Hulgren & Davie.

Moses Tims & Atkins have opened a butcher shop under the name of the Farmers' Meat Market at the store previously occupied by O. D. Fleming.

Miss E. E. Wagner drove out to Bowlder on Sunday where her parents reside. Mrs. E. Wagner and Mrs. G. Stratton accompanied her but they returned the same night.

Mr. J. McWhirter, late editor of this paper was north last week looking for an opening to locate a newspaper plant. We understand that he looks favorably upon Holden, a new G. T. P. town.

The Pioneer Real Estate Firm, Hall & Davis, has the listing of the best land around Crossfield, close in, and on crop payments, at reasonable prices. Some good bargains for cash. Don't forget the name—Hulgren & Davie.

The Oddfellows have secured the James Fox Co. to give an entertainment Saturday May 7th in their hall. Fox is without doubt Canada's first comedian and is supported by a strong company so the people of Crossfield may look forward to an evening of mirth and pleasure.

Mr. J. McCool, who has been visiting at Clinton, Ont., and other parts for the past couple of months, returned to town on Saturday. Mr. McCool says that when he left the east there was about three feet of snow and Alberta looked good to him under those circumstances.

It was decided to open the Crossfield School on Tuesday, March 29th, but owing to the Provincial Educational convention being held on 29th, 30th, 31st and the Dept. of Education asking all School trustees to make it convenient for teachers to attend school will not be opened till April 4th.

The concert on Easter Monday under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church will be to among the events of the season. A priced first class audience will give the show. Miss Lerouge the well known French player is also expected. Messrs. Magee and Scholefield will entertain the audience with a programme of music. The tickets are going quickly and should be secured before Saturday night. Ladies will help this party by bringing buns which will be sold at the conclusion of the concert.

A full list of the horses, cattle, implements, etc. which will be sold at Auction on Monday, April 4th, by J. C. Riddiford for T. J. Murton on his farm nine miles west of Crossfield, appears in an advertisement in the Crossfield Chronicle.

—Dave has become a local by-word in Crossfield and not without reason, this line of man's wear is up-to-date, the clothing he turns out has that individuality which cannot be found in ready-made. Dave shows some of the new shapes and shades in hair which have just come to hand.

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of The Chronicle.

It is with great regret that we learn of the resignation of Mr. Wm. Menzies as minister of the Presbyterian church. Mr. Menzies has been here for only six months, but in so short a time he has accomplished a work that in itself is a monument to his manhood as a minister.

Although he is only a young man yet he seems to have the experience of a lifetime, for with very little material to commence with he has built up a congregation that is a credit to our town. Six months ago the congregation was heavily in debt but during his ministry all past debts have been paid and now there is a good substantial balance to the credit of the congregation in the bank. As a preacher Mr. Menzies is a born orator. It would be easily seen that his sermons are the product of a mind that has learned to think deeply and clearly and has firmly grasped and understands the great things of the gospel. These were delivered in such an eloquent manner as held the closest attention of the audience from the beginning to the end. Perhaps he was seen and heard at his best when addressing the young men, and those who had the privilege of hearing him will greatly miss these monthly sermons.

He has a style of delivery that is quite original and a manner of expressing himself that appealed very forcibly to the minds and lives of young men. As a word painter of modern characters he is quite good but there is a lack of originality in his style. Mr. Menzies is a good preacher but he is not a good evangelist. He was always willing to take the heavy end of any work in connection with his church and not only did he labor faithfully before the audience but was not found lacking behind the scenes. Very flattering reports are heard from Goldendale where Mr. Menzies has also been preaching during the winter. It is reported that never in the history of the district have they had so large congregations as at present. Each Sunday the echo lounge is filled to overflowing and the numbers keep increasing. The people of Goldendale are jubilant over the prospect of securing the services of Mr. Menzies for the summer. We are confident that there is a life of great usefulness opening up for this young man and we expect one day to see him among the leading ministers of the Dominion. Mr. Menzies will pack his farewell sermon on Sunday evening.

Yours,
A Subscriber.



The Local Improvement Act, Educational Tax Act, Village Act and the School Assessment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of The Local Improvement Act, Educational Tax Act, Village Act and the School Assessment Ordinance, a meeting of the Sunbeam County Council will be held on Friday, the 8th day of April, 1910, at Ten o'clock a.m., at the Court house in the City of Calgary, for the holding of a meeting under the provisions of Section 91 of The Local Improvement Act in regard to the following Local Improvement District.

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 15-8-4, 16-8-4, 17-8-4, 9-T-4, 10-T-4, 11-T-4, 12-T-4, 13-T-4, 14-T-4, 15-W-4, 16-W-4, 17-W-4, 18-W-4, 19-W-4, 20-W-4, 21-W-4, 22-W-4, 23-W-4, 24-W-4, 25-W-4, 26-W-4, 27-W-4, 28-W-4, 29-W-4, 30-W-4, 31-W-4, 32-W-4, 33-W-4, 34-W-4, 35-W-4, 36-W-4, 37-W-4, 38-W-4, 39-W-4, 40-W-4, 41-W-4, 42-W-4, 43-W-4, 44-W-4, 45-W-4, 46-W-4, 47-W-4, 48-W-4, 49-W-4, 50-W-4, 51-W-4, 52-W-4, 53-W-4, 54-W-4, 55-W-4, 56-W-4, 57-W-4, 58-W-4, 59-W-4, 60-W-4, 61-W-4, 62-W-4, 63-W-4, 64-W-4, 65-W-4, 66-W-4, 67-W-4, 68-W-4, 69-W-4, 70-W-4, 71-W-4, 72-W-4, 73-W-4, 74-W-4, 75-W-4, 76-W-4, 77-W-4, 78-W-4, 79-W-4, 80-W-4, 81-W-4, 82-W-4, 83-W-4, 84-W-4, 85-W-4, 86-W-4, 87-W-4, 88-W-4, 89-W-4, 90-W-4, 91-W-4, 92-W-4, 93-W-4, 94-W-4, 95-W-4, 96-W-4, 97-W-4, 98-W-4, 99-W-4, 100-W-4, 101-W-4, 102-W-4, 103-W-4, 104-W-4, 105-W-4, 106-W-4, 107-W-4, 108-W-4, 109-W-4, 110-W-4, 111-W-4, 112-W-4, 113-W-4, 114-W-4, 115-W-4, 116-W-4, 117-W-4, 118-W-4, 119-W-4, 120-W-4, 121-W-4, 122-W-4, 123-W-4, 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THE CARGO OF DUCKS

An Incident in the War of 1812

FOR almost a month now, New York had been under blockade. Far out, somewhere on the ragged blue of the horizon, keeping well away from the dangerous shoals that fringed the outer harbor, there lay a British frigate to which the unarmed coasters from Boston or the South encumbered without a sail. One of these had been captured and had already been swallowed up in her greedy maw—lost and scuttled or broken. But, worse still, the brave sailors who had then and there swall the already plethoric British naval lists. They were excellent sailors, these Yankees of ours, and England could not afford many of them.

Then small schooners began to dribble into the New York with stories of having escaped the navy by those hugging and dangerous shoals. Some were rejoicing, but the relief was of short duration. The British frigate captured a small schooner, and putting a strong crew aboard her, was soon away. Thereafter when some sloop or schooner came from the South or North sought to dodge past in safety, it was the frigate dared not follow, it was the tender that took up the chase. The tender had a known list of thirty-three men, and a crew of twenty-four, including a certain young American Lieutenant, named Percival, of good New England stock, in a scheme where he had joined in, and had to this exasperating state of affairs.

The lieutenant had been the witness of another disaster, and one that was to come to his share. Without further ado, he set off to the home of Midshipman Frank, a young friend of his, and unfolded the plan in detail.

"Magnificent!" cried the midshipman, when the lieutenant had concluded. "Surely, sir, you're going to let me on board, I suppose."

The lieutenant nodded his head. "Yes, if you can talk Wethersfield Yankee, I will." And I will," said the midshipman. "I am bound to Conneicut among 'em since last grass."

This reply was pronounced in such an imitative Yankee drawl, that the midshipman burst into a hearty laugh.

"You will do, Frank!" he agreed. "Now we want to proceed to action. I want you to go to the 'A' deck and report to Peet Street and drum about forty men. Take only those that are daring, and ready for anything. Let some of them be sailors, and we will find men enough in these times who will ask no questions. Meet me at twelve o'clock at the Exchange Reading Room, and I will be there."

The lieutenant returned to the boat, where he sought and found a certain master's mate, whom he knew, and had a talk with him. The old star entered into it with zeal. Together they went to the docks, where, on account of the blockade, lay idle a hundred and fifty vessels of all description. They were not long in discovering such a craft as suited them—a small sloop of seventy tons, with hundred and fifty men, and a crew of twenty-four men, whom he employed, while the officer proceeded to buy up and send on board nothing nor less than a cargo of ducks.

The morning following these events, the British frigate, with British sailors, standing off and on under easy sail, very close in with Sandy Hook. The wind was from the southwest, and blowing a fresh gale. The sky was without a cloud, and only a gentle undulation lifted the surface of the ocean.

This tender was a clipper-built vessel, very long and narrow in the beam, and constructed wholly with an eye single to her fast sailing qualities. The gun deck was high, and overhung everything. She carried armaments a long thirty-two pounder. Her crew consisted of about forty men, in the forecastle, and twenty men. They were now principally assembled in the bow and on the windlass, talking together or watching the sky.

At the corner of the deck, a blithe, full-faced young English midy, was lounging over the quarter railway smoking a cigar, and at the helm was his father, of his name, Mr. Jarr, who had skipped along so easily that she seemed almost to steer herself.

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout from the deck of the sloop. "There she is."

"Where away?" quickly demanded the officer.

"About two points forward the wind."

"Aye, aye!" said the midy, "answered the midy, leveling his glass at a sloop just steaming out of the harbor, well away. The sloop was from the Yankee coasters. A sail-in-shore, Mr. Stanley," said he, speaking through the skylight.

The lieutenant, a stout, darky, port wine-visaged John Bull, came on deck and took sight at the stranger, who was about a league distant.

"It is a lumber-sloop," he declared, "but she is a fine sloop. If she dare venture out, we can get some fresh provisions and vegetables from her, if nothing more."

"Well, I will put her in the ticks, sir!"

"No, sir, I will not. We are, till the sloop gets an offing. If we run for her now, she will take refuge in the harbor."

The sloop stood out for half a mile, and then hauled her wind, beat down along the land. The tender delayed the chase until she had got too far from the entrance of the harbor to get back again, then she hauled her wind, and so to cut her off. The sloop seemed to take alarm, and putting about began to make the best of her way toward the land. The midy, who had the command of his own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied that the chase

was already his, and laughed at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that her decks were literally covered with a load of timber.

"A rare load we shall make this morning," said the midy. "Enough timber to fill for the whole of the frigates, even if you say nothing of roast duck for the cabin."

"What a regular sloop she is!" said the midy. "She is in the hands of a master sailor, and she has a pony coat."

"She never wanted me to have anything else," said the midy.

"You insist on me getting a pony coat?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Of course I do," said Mr. Jarr.

"In the first place I'd rather

not do without a pony coat than have to wear a cheap one."

"In the second place I'd rather not do without a pony coat."

"I haven't got one," said the midy.

"Well, then, I'll give you a pony coat."

"I'll give you a pony coat," said Mr. Jarr.

"I want you to have, to brother, brother," said the midy.

"I'd rather not, it's all the same to you—I'm in the hands of Frank."

"I'll put the helm hard up, and we'll catch the sloop."

"I'll give you a pony coat," said the midy.

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